

# Shaw Dissents as Usual

## Ententes Not Made to Order, Says 'St. Bernard'

descent from heaven, and seeking to impose his divine will upon England.

"That there will be efforts made to estrange us I do not doubt, and such efforts will be well made, and they will appeal especially to the idiosyncrasies of each nation, holding up baseball to the ridicule of English cricketers, and pointing out in America the futility of a nation that can waste two whole summer's days over one game of cricket. But our present alliance is based upon the failure of all such propaganda, and we need only be watchful, not fearful of the future.

"Yours etc.,  
"DUNSANY."

Lawrence Housman.

"The only way of increasing the 'Intellectual Entente' between human beings is to enable them to think and speak without fear, even when their opinions are unpopular. We in England and you in America have been persecuting and imprisoning men for expressing unpopular and 'dangerous' views—it is one of the undemocratic side products of a state of war. Let us recover our national sanity sufficiently to reverse all this cowardly obscurantism, and the 'Intellectual Entente' of free nations will flourish automatically.

"I have no sympathy at all with those who find any expression of opinion 'dangerous'; it would not be dangerous if

there were not something rotten and dangerous in the State system that fears it. Bolshevism and the like have no terrors for any form of Government that is really even handed and just in its institutions and its operations. Let us aim wholeheartedly at securing the good of all alike, and at making 'Ententes' international, then we can afford to let even the most foolish opinions be free.

"LAWRENCE HOUSMAN."  
"April 24, 1919."

Arnold Bennett.

"COMARQUES,  
"THORPE-LE-SOKEN,  
"April 29th, 1919.

"In reply to your letter of the 1st April, I am of opinion that every means should be taken to strengthen the Intellectual Entente between the United States and Great Britain. A great deal is already done in the matter of books, and I hope that as the theatre improves as much will be done for the theatre as is done for books. To my mind the very best way to strengthen the bond between two countries is to encourage travel. Seeing is believing. If as many Britons would go to America as Americans come to Britain immense good would be accomplished.

"Believe me,  
"Cordially yours,  
"ARNOLD BENNETT."

## "Towards New Horizons"

By F. PARKER STOCKBRIDGE.

"THE discussions in the book," says the publisher's blurb on the jacket of *Towards New Horizons*, "are mainly with reference to the League of Nations and the place likely to be taken by labor in the new world."

That place, as nearly as a single rather careful reading of the book reveals, will be all the places there are, in the belief of the author, Miss M. P. Willcocks. One seeks diligently for any intimation that there is to be any place in the new world which she tries to visualize for any one who earns his living by any other means than by manual labor.

It will be a curious and perhaps not uninteresting world that is to be ushered in, apparently, by "shrapnel from the Marxian air guns" dropping upon the roofs of the unsuspecting "mediavalists" who still believe the workers will fight only by means of strikes. Precisely how this method of bringing about a social readjustment conforms to the professed ideal of human brotherhood so broad as to include every prisoner in every jail it is difficult for a non-class conscious but merely democratic bourgeois to grasp at first glance.

Miss Willcocks evidences more than mere sympathy with convicts. She not only includes in her dedication to "all my friends," the specific statement that "some are in prison," but on page seventy-one makes the novel assertion that "the prison is to-day in England, as long ago it was in Russia, the school of idealism both in politics and religion." If this view is shared generally by the radical school of which Miss Willcocks is the exponent in this instance it carries a suggestion worthy of note by any timid bourgeois who has been wondering where he would get off when the social revolution arrives. Rob a bank, assault a policeman or break the speed law and so get yourself safely into the hoosegow when you see the revolution coming; thus you will automatically become of the elect and a little brother of the proletariat.

Seriously, Miss Willcocks's book is one to be read and pondered by every one who would be informed as to the way in which this world of ours looks from the ultra-radical viewpoint, the more so since this viewpoint is finding expression more widely than ever before. There is nothing in *Towards New Horizons* that Emma Goldman might not have written, except that Emma probably would not use a final "s" in the first word of the title. The book voices the demand of manual labor that the world be turned over to it at once—or, rather, of that proportion of laborers who think a revolution would give them by an easy short cut the material comfort that ninety-nine per cent. of all classes of people acquire only by patient, unremitting work.

Every one will be happy, according to this doctrine, when all governments are

abolished. "Then, says the author, "the Russian ideal of brotherhood without a State will be acclaimed by those who have silently carried this ideal in their hearts. Self-determination means ultimately no State structure at all, but liberty for every man to follow the bent of his will as decided by the authority of the God within himself."

There will be no science in this new world; science has wronged the worker by inventing machines. One has to work if there are machines to be run, and there must be no compulsion to work. There will be plenty of Art, however—Art reverently capitalized. It will be a Greenwich-village sort of art, full of self-determination and all that sort of thing, if you know what I mean. It will express itself in raw pictures and still rawer music; it will be as individualistic as the cave man's sketch of an aurochs on the wall of his hole.

One could discuss such books as this of Miss Willcocks somewhat more tolerantly if the reviewer had no previous knowledge of life and no historical background. To the child in its early teens the Promised Land in which there is to be no discipline, no work, nothing but play, must seem like the millennium. But until everybody in the world, labor included, has acquired a sufficient modicum of self-discipline to be trusted at all times not to tread ever so lightly on the toes of anyone else the earthly paradise Miss Willcocks pictures looks from this side of the Atlantic like a good place to be three thousand miles away from.

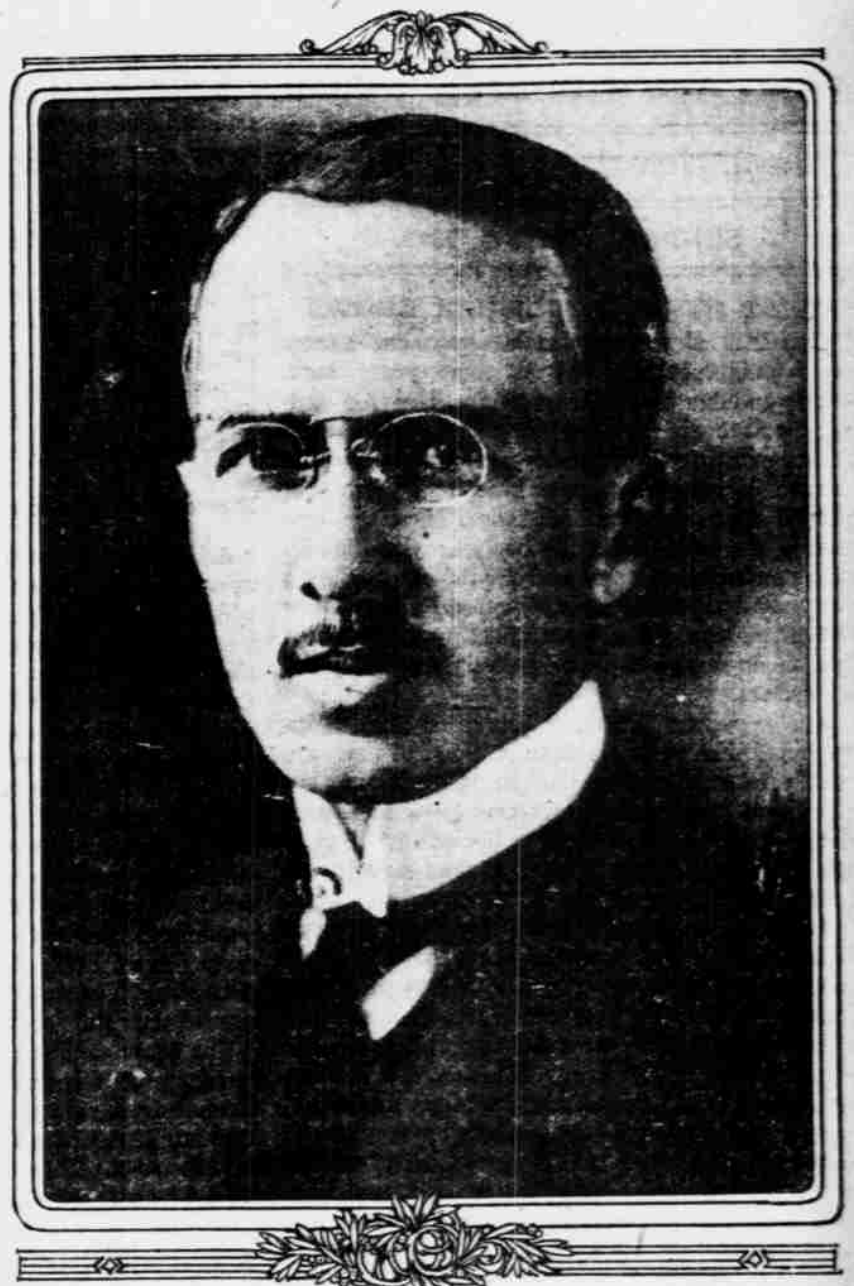
TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS. By M. P. WILLCOCKS. John Lane Company. \$1.25.

## "Early Egyptian Records of Travel"

DAVID PATON'S *Early Egyptian Records of Travel*, the first volume of which appeared in 1915, has progressed to the third volume, and as this unique work grows to completion it also increases in size, for volume three has fully double the number of pages that were in the initial volume and the illustrations are so numerous that this last volume has been issued in two parts. The "list of texts" numbers eight in this division of the work, and they continue the records of Thutmose III. from the twenty-second to the forty-second year. As Mr. Paton's work grows in volume so does it increase in the wealth of *Materials for a Historical Geography of Western Asia*, which may some day be turned into a book for the general reader.

EARLY EGYPTIAN RECORDS OF TRAVEL. Vol. III. By DAVID PATON. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. \$15.

Nevil Maskelyne, the English conjuror, is writing his reminiscences.



Henry Seidel Canby, author of "Education by Violence."

## Some Walter Pater Prose

TO those who love great prose without any great regard for the subject matter Walter Pater must be the English master. Oscar Wilde called his Renaissance studies the "golden book," and all of the written matter of that master of English, Arthur Symonds, seems only a continuation, a prolonged echo, of him whom Symonds acclaimed his master. The prose of the author of *Marius the Epicurean* and *Sebastian van Storck* is for slow readers, the drowsy masticators of rare foods. Pater must be read as Debussy's music must be listened to—with all the inlets and secret valves of the brain wide open. There is no rat-tat-tat in his pages. It is the slow and measured procession of purple images and luminous phrases over velvet carpets.

Pater was hallucinated with the subject that he wrote upon. And no writer of English, except it be De Quincey or Symonds, had the power so completely to hallucinate the reader. He weaves a spell over the brain that puts the nerves and the reason to sleep. One is literally wafted away down the winding Amazon of his style. One sits in the boat of his mind and cares no more where the stream leads—he has that sense of perfect security and aesthetic well being that comes with opium or certain wines. To read Pater from end to end at one sitting would be a sort of renunciation of life, a good-by to the material universe, an armistice with time-Consciousness. Only from Keats's poetry can there be attained such hypostatic bliss. It is not the "art that conceals art," either, but the art that reveals art in all its naked verbal glories.

Side by side with this narcotizing quality and contained deliriousness of Pater's prose is the rare subtlety of his brain. He stands in the centre of his page like the spider hidden in the heart of his web. The limitless ripple of his style is matched by the sinister calm of his depths. His critical skill, his exquisite organ of differentiation, his microscopic vision, parts marble from its form, pictures from their color and concepts from their images.

In variety he sought the secret of life, like Remy de Gourmont. Nuance, difference, unlikenesses, were to Pater the supreme intellectual adventures. Let gods and philosophers create universes; his joy was to decentralize them, put a cleft between the atoms, resolve the beauty of the world into ultimate vibrations. To him the simple did not exist. Each thing was the termination of an eternity.

Boni & Liveright have just brought out

*Sketches and Reviews*, by Walter Pater. They are nine fugitive pieces from various magazines. The first one, *Aesthetic Poetry*, is in Pater's best manner. William Morris is his springboard. It is a short history of "the reign of reverie" in poetry. It is the poetry of the inner retreats, where are builded earthly paradises and where the world of the aesthetic sleepwalker is more real than the outer universe. It is a compound of Hellenism and Christianity—"beauty quickened by the sense of death." This essay is by far the best in the book.

There are two articles on Gustave Flaubert, and here pontiff nods to pontiff. It was only natural that Pater should feel an affinity with the French master, and one cannot help feeling that Pater was what Flaubert dreamed of being. Christianity never seems to have touched Pater; while Flaubert was always wrestling with the demons of theology.

The other essays are on Coleridge, Wordsworth, George Moore, Oscar Wilde, Arthur Symonds (of whom he says, "In this new poet the rich poetic vintage has run clear at last") and Jules Lemaitre. They are all interesting, but uneven; and some of them commonplace. He burns at his best with a "hard, gemlike flame," but the flame dimmed toward the last.

Pater had absolutely no interest in man as a social creature. But it is good to see him in print again.

SKETCHES AND REVIEWS. By WALTER PATER. Boni & Liveright, \$1.25.

Brentano's will republish C. G. Leland's *Have You a Strong Will?* Now you know as much as we do. Whether it means your will living or your will giving, devising and dying, we can only speculate wildly.

## A Psychic Revelation

Reported by Dr. Albert D. Watson

## The 20th Plane

A tremendous sensation in psychic circles has resulted from its publication. "Far and away above . . . works of this kind . . . well worth perusal."—*Boston Transcript*.

Every Bookseller has it. \$2.00 net.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY, Publishers, Philadelphia.